THE FARCE COMEDY OF LIFE.

By M. QUAD .-

Mr. Bowser's Tribulations.

OR the first time in a year Mr. Bowser came home from the office the other day at noon time, and Mrs. Bowser had only to giance on his face and the bundle under his arm to realize that he had a new scheme on hand.

Well, what is it?" she queried. Business being dull, I thought I'd take an afternoon off," he carelessly replied.
"But what are you going to do with these sticks and that paper?" I'm going to make a bit of an experi-

"I thought it was time for you to break "My dear woman," slowly answered Mr. Bowser, as he deposited his bundle on a "let me reason with you a bit. Isn't it better for a man to be at home storing up scientific knowledge in his mind than to be loading around the pool rooms and salcons? Hadn't you rather see my name in print as having made a that I was collared by a policeman for

"But what scientific knowledge are you seeking?" she asked. "As to discoveries, you've made about a hundred in the last two years, and almost every one of them has blown windows out or knocked the back fence down."

My dear woman," he softly continued, "here are a few harmless sticks and sheets, of paper. I propose to take them up into the garret and make a kite. Did ever hear of a kite blowing up any-But what do you want with a kite

Do you propose to run up and down the streets with a gang of kids?" Woman, remember whom you are talking to! What I propose to do is to make

some experiments in the interest of science. You have heard of humidity, I Yes, and felt it, too."

"Very well, The humidity you have felt has all been in the lower strata of atmosphere, on what you might call the ground floor. When the humidity on the ground floor is 80 per cent., what is it at How can I tell, and why should I

'Ah! there it is, you see. But for research and experiment the world wouldn't know that it was any colder at the north pole than in Key West. You should care in the interests of science. If there's 80 per cent. of humidity on the ground floor formed of the fact."

"But what good would it do if we knew it?" persisted Mrs. Bowser. "Woman, I pity you!" said Mr. Bowser, as he turned away. "If all people were as indifferent as you, we should never have known about the revolutions of the earth. I did hope for some enthusiasm and encouragement from you, but it was a foolish hope. I shall go ahead, however. The cook will make me some paste and I will build a kite."

'And what's the kite for?" "To send up into the atmosphere, of ourse. Attached to it will be this instrument for recording the humidity; will go ahead and make a discovery for the mat. the benefit of the whole world."

She had nothing more to say, and he

evening. There is going to be a good to-night, and I shall count on favorable results."

"You'll get the whole neighborhood out, and there are boys around here who'd like no better fun than to plunk you with missiles. Give up your idea and let's go to the theater."

"Never, Mrs. Bowser-never in this

Mr. Bowser waited until darkness fell and then took his kite into the back yard. He thought he had deceived everybody, but not five minutes had gone before half a dezen boys had passed the word and were getting ready to enjoy the fun with him. There was a good breeze, and it was no trick at all for him to get that kite up forty feet. He held it there for tive minutes, and then hauled it down and excitedly announced to Mrs. Bowser, who was standing in the back door; "I've struck it right off! What do you

suppose the humidity up there is?" "It's 480 per cent.! It's recorded right

here, and there can be no mistake." There wouldn't be half of that humidity in the densest fog." "But here it is-480 per cent.," h sisted, "and you can't get around it. Mrs. Bowser, I have made a discovery which will set the whole world talking. While I am sure there can be no mistake, I'll send the kite up again to verify my fig-

ures. To keep it clear of those telepho

wires I'll climb on the roof of the shed.' With laborious effort he clambered up and the kite was passed up to him. It had just got a start when the boys hidden along the back fence began busi-ness. The potatoes, cucumbers, tomatoes, stones, and lumps of coal were about evenly divided between Mr. Bowser and the kite. Both fell at the same time, but Mr. Bowser fell the hardest. Something hit him on the nose as he was paying out string and he sat down on the roof. Then something else hit him in the ear, and in his excitement he rolled off, struck on the clothes line, and was bounced off into a grove of sunflowers which Mrs. Bowser had been jealously guarding all summer. The cook came out and assiststraighten his legs and get the leaves and dirt out his hair. They were bend ing over him as consciousness returned

and he sat up. Well, what about the humidity?" asked Mrs. Bowser. rose up with painful effort. The

busted kite lay there on the grass, and be seen above the back fence. Without a look around, however, Mr. Bowser entered the kitchen and elimbed the Mrs. Bowser followed. they had entered the sitting-room he turned on her and hoarsely whispered:

"Woman, I see—I understand!"
"You understand that the humidity

was 480 per cent.?" she replied. He extended his right arm and waved Then he followed suit with the left Then he kicked out both legs and roll-ed up his eyes and worked his ears. She waited patiently, but he couldn't get out another word, and after a minute he stairs and banged his bedroom door after Two hours later, when she went up, he was in bed and asleep, and hadn't even wiped the tomato seeds off

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Arizona Kicklets.

The coroner of this town had three inquests in succession last week, and as a consequence he got the swell-head and imagined himself a bigger man than the mayor. He started in to give

tus orders as to how we should run things, and there was a little riot in which the coroner lost a quart of blood and had his knee-cap broken. We are not a puffed-up mayor, but we know our gait, and any advice from the cor-oner's office, especially when offered at the muzzle of a gun, will be promptly

About two weeks ago an Eastern man named French arrived here to invest in a silver mine. He didn't care what sort of a mine it was so long as he could get out a prospectus, organize a company and float his shares on the gullible pub-lic. Some one sold him an acre of land you have blown up the house and all of us with it. Is it dynamite this time?"

"My dear women," also with the house and all of it. That was fen days one in an acre of land on Bill Williams' mountain, and Mr. French went up there to make a map of it. That was fen days one. it. That was ten days ago. Yesterday, as he didn't reappear, a party went in search of him and found one of his legs The rest of him had been eaten up by a bear. We trust that he died happy, and we also congratulate the public whom he would have swindled.

> News reached us yesterday of the death of Joe Rathbone, formerly of this town, but living near Florence for the last year Joe was a good-hearted man, but he lack-ed judgment. That lack of judgment brought about his demise. Mounted on a which could only do ten miles an our, he figured on keeping ahead of herd of steers making at least fifteen. As an angel Joe may have more sense in his head. We wish him well in his new oc-

Editor Jack Nixon, of the Primrose Banner, came to town the other day to pull our editorial nose for saying that his weekly was a dish-rag and that he was a ackrabbit. Editor Nixon had two guns, a tomahawk, and a dog, but he was mis-taken in himself. As he stood face to face with us his sand petered out, his knees knocked together, and he grew white as snow. We took him by the ear and led him back to his mule and saw as he rode away with tears in his eyes. fatherless. It is more in sorrow than in triumph that we reiterate that Editor Joe Nixon is a

As secretary of the vigilance committee we can solve what our esteemed contemporary calls the mysterious disappearance of a man named Dan Rudder. Mr. Rudder is headed for Utah. He is on foot and making an average of three miles an but ye can put it down in yer dairy that hour, and he doesn't look back when he stops to rest. He left here because we assured him that he would hang if he didn't. Our ways were not his ways, and and only 46 per cent, at a height of 100 after a little thinking he decided to go. feet, the world of science should be in-formed of the fact."

There is not the slightest mystery about the case. He will assuredly be hung in "But what good would it do if we knew Utah before he is four weeks older, but she thoughtfully replied. "No. I guess you hadn't. You see, it might lead to

Acting under instructions from Washington, we shall close the post-office at 10 o'clock at night after this, and any one kicking on the door after that hour will have to take his chances of what may happen. Heretofore we have been routed out at all hours of the night, and on several occasions have been grossly insulted by late callers. One kick on the door after 10 o'clock will awaken us. Two kicks will turn us out of bed. Three kicks will cause the gun to be poked out of the winalso a thernometer for recording the dow, and a fourth kick, followed by temperature. However, as you take no threats of death if we don't open the door, interest in these things, it is useless to will start the shooting. If the intruder waste further time explaining. Retain your ignorance, Mrs. Bowser-retain and he will find a doctor on the block below. hug your ignorance to your soul, while I Ring the bell twice and wipe your feet on

Col. Dawson, who lives on the Red She had nothing more to say, and he got his paste and made his way to the garret. Nothing more was seen of him till dinner-time, and then he brought down a finished kite.

Col. Dawson, who lives on the Red college co down a finished kite.
"So you have put off your experiments till to-morrow?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

Iscariot. We thought Judge the last eighteen hundred years, and therefore resigned a riticle. He till to-morrow?" queried Mrs. Bowser.
"Not at all," he replied. "I forgot to at once stopped his paper and threatened tell you that my first experiment is to be made after dark. What I want to get is the humidity and temperature of the state of the stat is, we drove him under cover, fired twenty-six bullets around his ears, and received his surrender and a new subscription We have to do this twice a year, but we do it cheerfully, and should be real sorry to hear of the colonel's death.

We have always been proud of the fin shooting to be found in this town, and it world! I have set out to make a discovery. I shall make it. The neighborhood will not be out, and no boys will rection. As a test of the matter we put on plink me. All will be done very quietly and smoothly, and I shall not have to blocks the hat was cut off our head with bullets, leaving only the rim on our hair. It was quick, neat work, and we heartfly congratulate each one of the twenty different men who had a crack at the hat. Either carry a gun or a club. If a gun, than know how to use it.

We have been requested by various local subscribers to take up the weather reports and make a feature of them again. We are always willing to do anything in reason to oblige, and we are ready to make any sacrifice to better The Kicker, but we shall have to say no in this mat-We ran the weather reports for a and that was by accident. We find that good murder item gives far more genera satisfaction, and we decline to change The fact is that no man with pair of rubber boots, a gun, and a bottle of whisky need worry over the weather. It's bound to hit him somewhere.

a card party the other night at midnight some one opened fire on us on Anderso The would-be assassin was hid den behind a big billboard, and he fired six shots at us from a distance of fifteen fett. Not a bullet came within a foot of the skulker was our esteemed contempo rary. He never has and never will be able to shoot for shucks. Every time he tries t he throws away good lead. He needn' sit up nights to get a pop at us. We'll stand before him at thirty feet any day at high noon and let him plunk away as long as he wants to.

Mr. Jonas Dyer, of Indiana, arrived in town last Monday in search of news of his son Joseph, who hadn't been heard o In a couple of hours, by the for a year. aid of our files and the coroner's books, he had Joseph located. We feel a bit delicate over the case, as Joseph was hung for horse-stealing, but the father very justly observed that we were not to blame in the matter. We drove him out to view the grave, gave him Joseph's last te rose up with painful effort. The words as near as we could recall them, and he left for home Tuesday in fairly heads of seven different boys could good spirits. His theory was that the boy took the horse in a fit of absent-minded ness, and perhaps he is right.

The Elevator Boy.

While the engineer of a skyscraper is seldom seen or thought of by the public, he should work in accord with the e'eva-tor boy to make things pleasant for the tenants. Our engineer started out to do ing after the dinner, "can you tell us with me, but when he found he couldn't boss me or borrow any money, he set out to make my life miserable. I kept my eyes open to get even with him and one day I discovered that two of the window-cleaners thought him a single man, and both were a little gone on him. Also, that his wife brought his luncheon regularly every noon. The next day, at a proper time, I scooted up to the eighth floor and found the widow McCarty wiping up the hall and said to her:

"Have you got your lunch with you Mrs. McCarty?" "Indade, I have that," she replied. "And why don't you go down to the asement and eat it in company with Mr.

Flynn? I know he would appreciate your society."
"That's true, me boy, and I'll get me

boid-faced grassy-widow who calls her-self Miss O'Shane, though she's no right to in law, seems to have finished her floor and gone home."

I took her down and then scooted for the fifth floor and found Miss O'Shane and said to her: "Why don't you take your lunch basket and go down and keep poor Mr. Flynn

"Is it company he's sighin' for, me laddie? If so, I'll go down and cheer him up wid me presence," she replied. "And you'll find a place to warm up your cold tea, if you want to."

Thanks, me child, but that is a beaut ful idea, and mebbe the good hearted man will have a cup wid me. How long ago did Mrs. McCarty disappear, Sammis?" "Oh! I took her down some time ago."

"She calls herself the Widdy McCarty Sammis, leavin' the 'h' out to put into her 'shugar,' I suppose, but is she a widdy, me boy? It's alsy enough to say this and that, but where are the proofs? Has she ever shown anybody her husband's death otice as 'twas printed?"

"I never saw it, ma'am."
"Or the dade of the lot in the buryin' ground?"

"No'm."
"Or has she boasted that there was seventy-two hacks in the funeral per-seshun, and that she fainted dead away twice before she could git down stairs to the carriage?"

"I never heard her, ma'am."

"And you never will, Sammis—naythur you nor nobody else! If she was a genuine widdy of the laigal sort, she'd make us all tired wid her boastin' and braggin' and showin' off her mournin bunnit and veil. However, Sammis—"

"Oh! I never talk, Miss O'Shane."
"That's right, Sammis. We may have our opinion of the Widdy McCarty, and I don't say we haven't, but it's just as well not to let her know what we think. Yes, I'll git me basket and go down and give the smilin', good-natured Mr. Flynn me society at his table de hoty."

I dropped her at the basement just as

Mr. Flynn's wife came in with his lunch. There wasn't much said. The three women pitched into each other almost on sight, and they were pulling hair, banging against partitions and making the dust fly when I took a walk. Next day, as I stopped at the sixth, Mrs. McCarty got sight of me and said:
"Sammis, I'm tould that ye are an or-

phan boy all alone by yerself!" "Not strictly an orphan, ma'am-only

"So ye've got a mother, eh? Well, a poor, fatherless boy can't be havin' any proud of. I can't ask ye to come to me letters. motherly arms and recaive an embrace, ye was this day adopted by the Widdy McCarty as her beloved son."
"Thank you, ma'am. I'll put it down

the first thing when I get home. I hadn't better call you ma when any one is around, had I?"

ealousy and more. There's Miss O'Shane, who'd be sure to make it a case of gos-We'll just form a close corporation, as they calls it. Sammis" "Just two mothers and a son of us on the inside?"

"That's the idea, Sammis-that's the very idea! There's many a man forty years old who hasn't your way of catchin' on to an idea. I'll be as proud of ye as if I was yer rale mother. Sammis, d'ye moind I wint down to the basement to ate me lunch wid that spalpeen of an aingineer the other day?"

"Seems as if I did. You thought Mr. Flynn would be a bit lonely, I believe. He don't like to eat alone."
"Bad cess to his loneliness and his whole

body! Sammis, my son, the man is a de-caiver and ought to be dropped from the roof! He let on to me that he was a single man and a-dyin' fur some one to luv him. What d'ye think, Sammis! On the day I'm

lection of bein' banged on me chin, re-ceivin' this blackness under me eye, and due honor paid to the illustrious dead for of me heels flyin' away wid me body and the record of their achievements, the restrikin' the partitions, but I shall never vival of interest in their lives and work, be able to make it out to me satisfaction. All I'm sure of it is that me poor head miration of young men for the great and has bin achin' aiver since that hour, and to incite them to the emulation of the aivery time I draw a breath I feel that deeds of their fathers. I'd like to hit that decaivin' aingineer a whack wid me mop-handle.'

"And we'll put up a job on him and ge him bounced." "By and by, perhaps, but not now, We'll

move slowly in the matter, Sammis, and meanwhile I'm lookin' fur ye to defend yer adopted mother's reputashun should any gossip arise. Ye might deny that ye took me down that day, and ye might say that if there was any fuss it was Miss O'Shane alone who got handfuls of that red hair o' her's tore out by the roots and left behind to stuff a chair-cushion. By the way, how's the mortgage on the home. Sammis?

"I'm staggering under it yet, thank

"It's too bad, but kape up yer courage. Here's a banniny to sthay yer stummick till lunch toime, and it's not the last ye'll get by a jug-full. Quiet is the word, Sammis-aisy and quiet and no gossip, and e'll bless the day that Mrs. McCarty depted ye for her very own." Mr. Flynn may think he's up to a dodge

SAMMIS. or two, but so is The Elevator Boy.

Brother Gardiner's Sayings.

De trouble isn't altogether wid de hog He's bought fur a hog, treated like a hog. and yet de fust time he acts like a hog folks can't git over bein' astonished. a hoss trade is kase we know dat we intended to skin de other feller clean down sage from Tasso. His reading here, to de heels.

I have kept a diary every y'ar fur de biggest part of my life, but de only object in it was to prove to myself dat I didn't know half as much as folks gin me

One of my fust mistakes in life was in turnin' a \$50 colt out to winter on a \$10 strawstack. I had \$8 worth of straw left in de spring, but was \$42 out on de colt. I've seen a pusson kick back when kicked by a mule, but I hev allus obsarved dat it was a lcsin' bizness. Some men hev to try it, though, befo' dey find out dat dey can't kick wid both laigs to once Dar' am lots of bo'n idiots in dis kentry who would pass fur purty good men if

except wid his chin.

If I had my life to lib over again I shouldn't expect to do much better dan I have. Sort o' seems to me dat man was put here to make a fule of hisself about once in so often any way.

He Knew His Business.

Chicago Times-Herald. "Well, my little man," said the preacher when Johnny entered the parlor to entertain him while Mrs. Grimshaw was look how old you are?"

"Nope," the little man replied. "What! Can't tell me how old you are Come, now, I feel sure that you can."
"Nope, ma'd gimme a lickin' if I did. I
ain't never allowed to tell how old I am
because they might charge fer me on the

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
Gov. Roosevelt says, concerning the trusts: "My plea is for the diagnosis first, and then for a free use of the knife; but an intelligent and not a blind use." The remark illustrates Republican directness. A Democrat would have wandered off into

a demand for free silver and free trade. "What's in a name?" Everything, when you come to medicine. When you get Hood's Sarsaparilla you get the best money can buy. basket and go down, especially as that money can buy.

HONOR POE'S MEMORY

Bust of Author Unveiled at University of Virginia.

HIGH TRIBUTES FROM MANY PENS

culptor Zoinay's Fine Work in Bronze, Gift from the Poe Memorial Association -Enthusiastic Interest Shown by Admirers of the Famous Writer-Addresses by Prof. Charles W. Kent and Hamilton W. Mabie-A Distinguished Gathering.

> TO EDGAR ALLAN POE. John B. Tabl Dead fifty years? Not so. Nay, fifty years ago, Death, Obloquy, and Spite, To curse his ashes came; But, lo! the living light, Beneath the breath of shame

Special to The Post.
University of Virginia, Va., Oct. 7.-Under the auspices of the Poe Memorial Association of the University of Virginia, Zoinay's bronze bust of the author of "The Raven" was unveiled to-day with exercises worthy of the occasion. The bust was presented to the university by Mr. Sidney Ernest Bradshaw, of Arkansas, and was received by Dr. Paul B. Barringer, chairman of the faculty. The chief address was by the well-known critic, Hamilton W. Mabie, of New York. a scholarly discussion of the relation of Poe's writings to American literature. The poem was by Robert Burns Wilson, of Frankfort, Ky., and there was a po-etical contribution by Father Tabb, of Frederick, Md. The exercises took place

in the morning. To-night there was a Poe symposiu William Fearing Gill, now of Paris, France, one of the most enthusiastic as well as one of the best informed Poe students, delivered an interesting address on the rationale of "The Raven," and there was a recitation from Poe's writings by Mr. Willoughby A. Reade, of Alexandria. Dr. Charles W. Kent read a large number too many mothers, and I'll also be a of letters commending the memorial asmother to ye. Sammis, I ain't purty and sociation and the University of Virginia I ain't rich, but I've been tould that me for this substantial recognition of the goodness of heart was somethin' to be services of this great writer to American services of this great writer to American

Started the Movement,

Dr. Kent, professor of literature in the university, aroused the deep interest which has been shown in Poe. As president of the memorial association, he spread the enthusiasm which led to a bust to the American writer. George Julian Zolnay, of New York, a native of Hungary, and a tudent of the best schools of Vienna and Paris, was selected as the sculptor. His work is of the bold and individual character which shows him to be no copyist, and which in his busts of Beethoven and other musicians won distinction at the World's Fair.

In the image of Poe was to be caught a man of sorrow; of striking and impressive features, and a poet whose soul and mind were even farther from being the commonplace. The attitude selected is one of deep and evidently bitter reflection, which, to an extent, transfigures the face. The nervous effect is achieved by the del icate hand grasping the lapel of his coat. while the yielding side of his character and a mute appeal for support seem to be shadowed forth by the dejected way in which his right hand is placed to sustain the bending head. The man of suffer-ing, the man of thought, the man of won-drous visions, are pictured in a way that

man and a-dyin' fur some one to liv him. What d'ye think, Sammis! On the day I'm speakin' of I had scarcely got out of the ailevator and says good day to him when she that calls herself Miss O'Shane cums afther me, and right on her heels cums a woman wid a lunch-basket—the aingineer's own thrue and laigal woife! Wasn't that a purty muss, me boy!"

"I'm not clear about it, Sammis, but I think something did. I have a dim recollection of bein' banged on me chin, receivin' this blackness under the last purposes are at once subserved by the man and the poet.

Honor to Illustrions Dead.

In his address Dr. Kent spoke of the recognized aims of a university to collect and disseminate human knowledge, both in the halls and to the outside world, and of the duty to preserve the historic past to the land or section in which it is structured, and of the hisher, nobler and more practical purpose belonging to a university to collect and almost see them grow! They are made of ribbon and velvet, and of the land or section in which it is structed, and of the hisher, nobler and more practical purpose belonging to a university to collect and disseminate human knowledge, both in the halls and to the outside world, and of the duty to preserve the historic past they are large, only one or two are worn, with a small tuft of marabout feathers in the center. If small leaves, a spray is made of them and put at the center is the center of the preserve in the feathers in the center. If small leaves, a spray is made of them and put at the center is the center. If small leaves, a spray is made of them and put at the center is the center. The two leaves and almost see them grow! They are almost see them grow and at the same time to elicit the ad-

"The University of Virginia has not been emiss beyond other institutions in honoring her sons," he said, "but she has een blessed with many whose substantial attainments, exemplary citizenship tial attainments, exemplary citizenship, and laudable contributions to letters and arts deserve full recognition at her hands. She knows her duty and as fast as opportunity offers she is meeting her obligation. Thompson, her poet laureate, has but recently received the recognition due him, but Burwell, the semi-prophetic editor of De Bow's Review, has never been duly appreciated.

A Modern Parthenon.

"But the interest in these matters is rowing daily and will doubtless grow even more rapidly when the cherished iream of some of our most loyal friends Alumni Memorial Hall-our modern Parenon-has taken substantial form. "Poe's connection with the university is more close and essential than many have supposed. It is difficult in determining

when Poe served his prentice years, bu it is known that in his own room on the Range, in Rowdy Row, as it was then sig-nificantly called, as well as in the rooms of his fellow-students, he often fascinated them with his weird creations. His long walks around these hills furnished him with both mood and material and there are echoes of his life here in the "Tale of the Ragged Mountains," and in other stories. Presumably, too, poetic exercises were usual with him, else how would One reason why we feel so mean arter he have merited that famous commendation for his metrical translation of a pasmight be taken as a slight indication both of his taste and his mental traits. It was here no doubt that he laid the foundation for his mental achievements, and we can claim to have influenced him in his development as much as any other institution or as any experience of his early life. We do ourselves honor in honoring him, and in this day which reminds us of his life and death we can lay aside for the moment all censure of his life, all scorn for his weaknesses, all pity for his fate, and rejoice in the unique produc-tions of his solitary genius and the world wide recognition of his literary great

In his tribute to the writer, Mr. Mabie said: "Poe stood alone among his con-temporaries by reason of the fact that while his imagination was fertilized by the movement of the time his work was not, save in its originality and beauty, representative of the forces behind it The group of gifted men with whom he had for the most part such casual connections reflected the age behind them or the time in which they lived; Poe shared with them the creative impulse without ons of the period.

He was primarily and distinctively the artist of his time; the man who cared for his art and not for what he could say through it, but for what it had to say through him. Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Bryant, Irving, and, in certain aspects of his genius, Hawthorne, might have been predicted. Reading early his have been predicted. Reading early history in the light of later development, their coming seems to have been foreordained by the conditions of life on the new continent; and later. Whitman and Lanier stand for and are bound up in the fortunes of the new world and its new order of political and social i.e. Poealone among men of his eminence could not have been foreseen. This fact suggests his limitations, but it also brings into clear view the unique ina.viduality of his genius and the complete originality of his work.

His Imaginative Prose.

place by themselves in the literature of the world. In the 'City in the Sea.' Is-rafel,' and the verses, 'To Helen'—to re-call three of Poe's earliest and most representative poems-there is complete de-tachment from the earlier interests and eccupations and complete escape into the world of ideality. It is part of the charm of these perfect creations that they are free from all trace of time and toll. Out of the new world of work and strife suddenly magical doors were flung wide into the fairy land of pure song; out of the soil, tilled with heroic labor and courage, a fountain suddenly gushed from unsus pected springs."

pected springs."

Among the guests were: Senator John W. Daniel, Gen. Marcus J. Wright, Dr. George S. Duncan, Andrew Downing, Chevaller Reynoids and Miss Coleman, of Washington; Dr. R. A. Brock, Miss Maria Blair, Supt. J. W. Southall, F. P. Brent, and W. W. Scott, of Richmond; Prof. Henry E. Shepherd, Eugene L. Didier, Mrs. Katherine Pearson Woods, and Miss Woods, of Baltimore; George Herbert Sass, of Charleston, S. C.; Armistead C. Gordon, of Steunton; Willoughby Reade, of Alexandria; Miss Matuf Howard and Dr. Albert Shaw, of New York; A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia; G. E. Davis and Mrs. E. M. Davis, of New Crleans; Dr. Charles W. Dabney, of Knoxville; W. H. H. Moran, of Manassas; H. J. Stockard, of Locust Dale; Robert Fraser, of Farnville; Madison I. Cawein, of Louisville.

Sentiments of Admirers. Letters expressing the sentiment of the casion were received from Edward Ben-

field, editor of Harper's Weekly; Mrs. S. B. Herrick, of the Century; Miss Mary Johnson, of Birmingham; Gen. Lew Wallace, of Crawfordsville, Ind.; Secretaries Long and Hay, Frank Bancroft, and Commissioner Harris, of Washington; Clinton Scollard, R. W. Gilder, Dr. T. A. Em-mett, Miss Maud Howard Peterson, Laurence Hutton, Frank Dempster Sherman Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Lyman Abbott, Paul Leicester Ford, John Kendrick Bangs, and Jesse Lynch Williams, of New York; Miss Jennie Bard Dugdale, of In-dianapolis; Miss Lillian Whiting, Robert Grant, William R. Thayer, Mr. Bigelow, Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson, Miss Guiney Mrs. Abby Sage Michardson, Mrs. Guiney, Horace E. Scudder, Mrs. Fields, John C. Ropes, Miss Vida Scudder, Prof. Norton, Edwin D. Mead, and H. L. Southwick, of Boston; W. C. Bruce and Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, of Baltimore; Presi-dent F. L. Patton, of Princeton; Wood-row Wilson and T. W. Hunt, Princeton; Charles F. Richardson, Dartmouth; Seth Low, Nicholas Murray Butler, and G. R. Carpenter, Columbia College, N. Y.; J. D. Draher, Roanoke, College; F. L. Pattee, Pennsylvania State College; W. R. Har per, Chicago University; President Gouch er, Woman's College, Baltimore; President A. T. Hadley and ex-President Timothy Dwight, Yale; Barrett Wendell and C. E. Everett, Harvard; Gen. Scott Shipp, Virginia Military Institute; W. Gordon Mc-Cabe and Rabbi Calisch, Richmond; Dr. Cabe and Rabbi Calisch, Richmond; Dr. E. E. Hale and George Kennan, William Winter, Joaquin Miller, Secretary William L. Wilson, Frank R. Stockton, Appleton Morgan, president of the New York Shakespeare Society, and E. C. Stedman. Secretary John Hay wrote: "It would give me great pleasure to be able to share in so interesting a ceremony, and pay my tribute of respect to the memory of one of our greatest men of letters, but I have made engagements for that date from which it is not possible to free myself." Thomas Bailey Aldrich: "His memory is dear to every American man of letters." Bliss Carman: "It is an occasion which ought to stir the lyric mood of Poe's unworthy successors, but he would be a bold man to attempt any occasional verse on man to attempt any occasional verse on that subject after John Boner's matchless poem 'On Poe.

Leaves for the Hair Now the Mode.

from the Ladies' Home Journal. "Those high cockatoos in the hair are out of date, and how glad I am! No more towering plumes and algrettes. Alice has been good enough to go for me to the best hair-dressers in Paris and find our what the head-dresses are to be this win ter. And her answer to my question is-

Winter Waists and Bodices

rom the Ladies' Home Journal Odd waists and bodices have come to be an accepted and essential part of every woman's wardrobe, so it is well to bestow a little thought upon the general effect, and in selecting material and trimming to have those which match the skirt in color. This applies to the dressy bodice. A shirtwaist in winter is usually made to wear with jacket suits, and should contrast prettily.

Complimented in Delicate Style.

From the New York Journal.

The St. James' Gazette, of London, remarks, apropos of the Dewey celebration, that the American nation is "totally unaccustomed to naval victories over an allen race." Such a delicate reminder that most of our naval victories have been won over Englishmen is one that we should hardly have expected from such a source. Thanks.

No Thumbs Up.

From the Indianapolis Journal. The wounded gladiator gazed anxiously at the thumbs of the vast concourse of numanity in the great amphitheater. His gaze ranged from Nero, lunching lightly on nightingales' tongues, to the rabble chewing peanuts and drinking population of the income and drinking population. right off the ice.
"I am waiting," said he, "for something to turn up!"
Then they turned him down.

A Safe Guess. From the Chicago Times-Herald. "Why do you think this man who almost drove over you is Irish?"

"Because I threatened to lick him."
"Well,"
"Well, instead of driving on about his business he got down from his wagon and wanted to fight."

Democratic Advice to Aguinaldo. If Aguinaldo is honest in his attempted peace negotiations he should lay aside his arms as an evidence of good faith and turn free-handed to his there of the work of restoring tranquillity in the

work of re Philippines. Acting on the Suggestion. rom the Cieveland Plain Dealer. "It's a nipping and an eager air, isn'

Yes. Have one?" "One what?"

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Why servants do not stay, and why mistreases are not satisfied with them.

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what the servants will be.

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Demorest
Forum
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly lar Monthly.....
Gentlewoman
Home Magazine...
International
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McClure Munsey Recreation Review of Reviews... Scribner 3 Louisville Commercial. Louisville Dispatch.....

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